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ORIGINAL POETRY.

ZARAH AND ISMAEL.

A Turkish Tale.

Zarah, a Turkish maiden fair,
In Bagdad's city proud did dwell,
With luscious hair, unknown to cure,
For well she loved young Ismael.

The youth was of a noble birth,
And high in state he lived at court;
Far more than any mail on earth,
Young Zarah his affections court.

Her laughing black eyes warm beam'd
With pure affection on the youth;
To him she said, "Thou art my life,
From Heaven come to test his truth.

But Ismael's stern sire forbade
His son the lovely girl to wed;
Saying, "I know a wealthier maid,
And nobler far to wed with thee."

"Now hear me, Allah! while I swear
I will no other maiden wed,
For Zarah virtuous is and fair,
And worthy of a Sultan's bed."

"What! Ismael!—the Father cried—
"Dare you my mandate disobey?
Am I by you to be defied—
When I command dare you cry nay?"

"By Allah! thou shalt Zarah score,
And wed the Vizier's daughter fair,
And on the morrow's early morn
The priest shall breathe thy nuptial prayer."

"Nay then, my sire, must I unfold
The secret of my love to thee?
I seek not of the Vizier's gold,
I part with Zarah but with life."

"Presumptuous boy! no son of mine
A nuptial maiden e'er should wed;
Oh, ere I own this child of mine,
Rest thou in slumber with the dead."

Away—nor let me e'er behold
A son that dare my mandate brave,
To thy disgrace then be it told
Thou didst prepare thy hands with blood."

"Nay, stay, my father," cried the youth,
Nor judge me in thy anger's mood,
Oh! listen to the voice of truth,
Nor rashly stain thy hands with blood."

"Begone—thou servile, dastard boy,
Think'st thou that life has charms for me?
Thou true that thou once gave me joy,
I center'd once my hopes in thee."

Then he glancing aside drew,
And cried—Zarah's sister claims her own.
His son the anger'd Father drew,
Then hasten'd to his Sovereign's throne.

"Behold, oh Sultan, thou art dead,
Before thee doth a murderer stand;
My Son, my power once defied,
And with his blood he drew his hand."

Now call thy headman hither pray,
And hear the tidings to my wife,
And call the vizier's daughter here,
Dost thou not Zarah's handmaid see?"

The tale confirm'd, the Sultan cried—
"For the assassin's hand is dyed,
With his son's blood his hands are dyed,
No murderer shall my presence blight."

Bear him away and let his blood
Atone for Ismael, young and brave,
Once Moza was beloved as good,
But none will mourn him in his grave."

Sarah the mournful tale was told,
And with despair's heart-rending shriek,
Cried "Ismael, my love, behold
How I thy early grave do seek."

Then with a pit and pierced her breast,
The young fair girl to death was doom'd;
Both lovers, in eternal rest,
Were in one early grave entomb'd.

At every twelvemonth, Turkish maids
Beside their grave with flowers fair,
The sun with cypress is arrayed,
Inscribed upon it—"Love lies here."

—ELIM.

LINES WRITTEN FOR AN ALBUM.

I saw a Rose-bush fresh and fair,
Spring from a grassy mound;
It spread its beauties to the air,
And matin showers descended there,
To fertilize the ground.

Assiduous hands the terrace tiled,
The spouts luxuriant grew;
The leaves ambrosial sweets distilled,
And all the air with perfume fill'd,
Tinctur'd by morning dew.

At length upon the verdant top
An embryo bud was seen,
Lifting its head majestic up,
And seem'd to inspire the transient hope
That beauty dwelt within.

But ah! just as its rich array
The opening bud display'd,
Some rude hand snatched the flower away,
And left the Rose-bush, no more gay,
To droop its withering head.

'Twas thus I saw a flower fair,
In youth and beauty's bloom;
But death, relentless, seiz'd her there,
Elate with joy, and quickly bare
His victim to the tomb.

—W. B. C.

FANCY'S SPIRIT.

Hast thou not seen the orient gleam
Smile in the Morning's azure eye,
And lend the rising cloud its beam?
The while the sun was hastening nigh?
Thou hast—and oft the pictured view
Seen in such vision, counter vain,
Had struck the wondering sight anew
And brought some long-lost dream again.

Hast thou not some fair object seen
And when its fleeting form was past,
Still e'er thy memory found its train
And felt the fond idea last?

Thou hast—and thou hast felt the thrill
Of memory's mocking voice is still,
Or only joy-bright objects show.

At twilight hour, hast thou not felt
Some soft idea melt away,
When thou at Fancy's shrine hast knelt
A willing votary to her sway?

Thou hast—and then her courtly Sprite
O'er the bright realm of Memory reigns,
Throws sunshine o'er the mask of night,
And smiles at slumber's powerless chains.

At such an hour—when grief was gone,
And this best Spirit alone was there,
He speak with furrow'd brows the lawn,
And fill'd with sweetest sounds the air;
A bow he framed—for he could frame
What long might weary mortal wait,
Swift as the lightning's rapid flame
Dances on the unexpecting shade.

A bow he formed with magic hand,
Fairer than youthful swain hath worn,
When beauty twines her rosy hand
Around the heart of transient Love:

Yet it was wrought in simple slow,
New Indian mines nor orient shores
Had lent their glories there to glow,
Or yielded there their shining stores.

Around the myrtle's twining arms
The wild-rose wound its daisy flowers,
The woodbine lent its fragrant charms,
That loves to twine in fancy-bowers;
With thyme that loves the leaven hill's breast,
The clover's sweet smelling head,
The violet of the sky-worshipped,
Was all the fairy ground bespread.

The lovely vision fled away
With all its tints of ray light,
As twilight's last and fainting ray
Reigns the world once more to night;
Yet oft through waking thoughts there plays
A glimpse of this gay dreamy hour,
And memory of delighted strays
To wizard Fancy's fairy bower.

—WILFRID.

STANZAS.

Go read the scroll of Time—twill tell
Of battles fought—how heroes fell;
How Fane's voice echoed 'mid the blast,
For those who fell—yet now 'tis past,
And see the record's stain'd with gore,
And the bloom of victory's wreath is o'er.

Go read the scroll of Time—and see
Its brightest days of minstrelsy,
How bards have sung in strains sublime,
And Erin's deeds were sung in rhyme;
These bards have gone—like music's breath
They swept the lyre, then sunk in death.

Go read the page of Life—twill show
Its varied scenes of joy and woe;
Its pompous glories and its pride,
Gay youth with beauty at his side,
In splendid dome and stately hall
Yet these, like autumn leaves must fall.

—IDA.

THE MORALIST.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

EARLY PIETY RECOMMENDED.

The habits of early piety form the surest basis for our best interests here, by affording a foretaste of that happiness which we hope will be consummated hereafter. It renders that season of life peculiarly attractive, the impression then made are more durable—the affections more pure, and more acceptable to that Being who delights in the early dedication of our lives to his service, before we have run the idle course of folly which is always found insufficient to promote any lasting happiness, before we have acquired those prejudices, or experienced those vicissitudes which characterise the more mature seasons of life. It is sometimes urged that the duties of piety, throw too great a restraint upon the pleasures of youth, that habits of seriousness are more consistent with ripeness: so far from this being the case, they, on the contrary, give a sanction to every innocent gratification, by moderating the impetuosity of passion, by limiting our expectations, and by tempering duty with amusement, we feel assured that we secure the approbation of God and our own hearts. Piety affords us likewise the surest and indeed the only solace under the trials of life. As when mourning for a friend, who seemed to form a part of thy existence; whose affection was disinterested; who lessened thy anxieties by kind participation, and bound thee by every endearing solicitude to earth; it will raise thy sorrowing heart to heaven, it will quell the murmuring discontent, it will heal thy wounded affections, by directing thy hopes to a happy reunion—Art thou disappointed in thy worldly calculations; has the friend whom thou cherished, requited thy goodness with ingratitude, it will teach thee that thou never canst be friendless, whilst thy confidence is placed on the God of Heaven. If poverty is thy portion, although it prevents thee from embracing opportunities of doing good, yet it will secure thee from frequent temptations. Piety will diffuse over thy feelings a serenity which will resign thee to any allotment which Providence may assign. There are some, however, who seem exempt from these vicissitudes, and many years of their lives flow on in one untroubled stream of delight; death makes no inroads in their happy circle; friends, fortune, and indeed every worldly advantage, smiles upon them—to such the range of doing good becomes extensive, such an example may influence others; it is therefore wisdom, and proves, indeed, the only barrier against the abuse of the advantages to cultivate an habitual piety, it affords the purest pleasure, it yields the most lasting good, and confirms and perfects our best hopes. Let us therefore consecrate our earliest and supreme affections to that Being who requires us to love and serve him; not that we can advance his glory, but that we may be exalted to his presence in his Heavenly Kingdom. —ELIZABETH.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A FRAGMENT.

There is in a valley not many miles distant from Lancaster, a cottage, the abode of a mother and only daughter. If I was desirous of imitating the virtues of any of my contemporaries, it is this girl I would strive to emulate; she did not participate in the amusements of youth, the vigour of her health and spirits were devoted to her mother's service, who, since her father's death has been a prey to melancholy. Emma's pale cheeks, the effect of long fatigue, were changed at scarce sixteen to a more glowing appearance; her raven locks hung in neglected carelessness over her emaciated form; her limbs that were never weary in performance of her duty, now refused their office. Her dying form increased poignancy to her afflicted parent, who felt too conscious that if this fair flower had been less injured to fatigue and constant filial solicitude, it would have been now blooming in all its attractive loveliness.

—M.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

SKETCHES FROM LIFE.

BY SIR JONAS REYNOLDS.

Know little more of love than what is sung
In rhymes, or dreamt, (for fancy will play tricks),
In visions of those skies from whence love springs.

—D. J. J.

There is no opinion more general in the world, than that early attachments and permanent engagements with the fair sex contribute not a little to the improvement and establishment of young men in moral habits and virtue. This opinion is certainly pleasing, and as there can be no doubt that the society of females of accomplished manners and cultivated minds, has a salutary effect in forming the character, it may perhaps appear as rational as it is pleasing, to infer the correctness of the opinion. I could wish it were as well established by experience, as it is by analogy; but, unfortunately, we are obliged to take

things as we find them, and not as we could wish to have them.

Concerning the correctness of this position, I can say nothing from my own experience. The entire spring-time of my life has been spent in hovering round the top of that Pisgah that overlooks this land of promise, and although I would fain have enjoyed its sweets, I have never possessed sufficient faith to cross the intervening Jordan, and enter upon the land flowing with milk and honey that lay smiling beneath me. Although my dreary stay amongst the rocks and ice-crafts of that elevated region has had no other effect upon myself, than that of rendering me nearly as cold and senseless as they, perhaps it may be of use to others, by disclosing some of the observations and discoveries made there, leaving the application to those whom it may concern. In doing this, should the sketches which I may draw bring to mind the scene that have chequered the existence of any, they will be satisfied that they are true to nature, and that they are what they purport to be, "Sketches from Life," seen through the vista of years, with the eye of candour and truth. I cannot deem them in the same tints with which they float before the light of imagination, and are reflected in the mirror of memory, divested of all the darker shades and stains which discolour them, but must be content to paint them in the sterner and more sober hues of reality.

From the lines which I have placed at the head of this paper, my readers may perhaps infer, that I am an infidel to the God at whose shrine they have mostly worshipped—the Omnipotence of Love. They will probably be confirmed in this suspicion by the succeeding premises; but they will recollect that I am not writing an auto-biography, and have already said more of myself than I promised at the outset. Besides, such an inference would be an assumption quite as unwarrantable, as construing the absence of light from a blind man into a denial of its existence.

Oh! Love, no habitant of earth thou art!
An unseen power, we believe in thee;
A faith whose mystic is the broken heart,
But never eye hath seen, or ear hath heard.

These are the words of a slightly poet, whose sentiments, at this time, I am more than half disposed to adopt, and yet I almost tremble as I approach the enchanted regions of Love. But I must fulfil my task, and not stand trembling at the first rough touches of any pencil, whilst the materials for a finished sketch are before me.

In looking back upon the list of my friends, at the period when I was verging from boyhood to the time when the paradise of Love first opens upon the enraptured vision, I discover one who forms a melancholy exception to the truth of the position which is so generally received in the world of Lovers. At the age of sixteen, he was a scarce-rough looking fellow, very meagre, and envious of his more bulky brethren, and in fact with some reason, for he was but slightly indebted to dame nature for the formation of his "outward man," and possessed nothing but a strong mind, which had been well improved to reason—my father's, and as our studies were similar, we were much together, and our intimacy was productive of mutual confidence.

At this age, he became enamoured of the charms of a young heiress who lived opposite to his house—the night—she was really beautiful, stately as the palm-tree, and graceful as the branches of a wind-swept willow, with an oval Grecian face, eyes like the morning, vermeil cheeks, and "lips like roses dipped in dew." But how to make her acquainted with the passion he felt for her, "his labor hoe opus est," which he knew not how to accomplish. All my readers, except those who may chance to be similarly conditioned, (and I cannot calculate on a majority of such, and therefore do not feel myself justified in such a course), would be weary were I to detail all the various stratagems which were put in execution to attract the notice of the fair Louisa: suffice it to say, that he waited, and waited, and watched and watched, night after night, and week after week, only to get a sight of her at the window, which looked upon an angle made by the court, upon the corner of which her mother's house was situated, or to pronounce her name as she flitted by to make her morning calls, or display her elegant figure by a promenade up Chestnut street. She soon knew him for what he was—for when did a woman ever fail to understand the meaning written in a lover's look?—and she never passed him without a smile of recognition. But she did not pass him—for his hitherto he had never mustered up courage enough to address her. At last, one bitter cold evening, as she was passing by more deliberately, and as he thought, more gracefully than usual, and with an uncommonly gracious smile upon her fine, imaginative countenance, he took hold of her arm gently, and—she stopped. He trembled and smiled, and said nothing, but soon transferred his hold from her arm to her hand, which happened to be bare, and he kissed it with a timid-lover's touch, thrilled through her veins, and turned his blood into liquid flame, and dispersed the winds that whistled by him, the torrent of eloquence that he had, for months past, been meditating for this occasion, and left not a word for utterance.

"Well," said she, still smiling, "what do you want with me?"

In reply, he could only ask her "where she was going?" This was an unlucky question; for it reminded her of what she seemed to have forgotten, and with a sudden smile, she withdrew her hand, and was out of sight in a moment. This awkward adventure broke the ice, and he soon contrived ways and means of convincing her of his passion, and without casting away a single thought upon the diminutive figure or drapery of his person, or the contour of his face, she accepted his addresses. Were I sure it would not be considered as forbidden ground, I would lift the veil and disclose some of the delicious interviews which succeeded, but to those who are acquainted with such affairs it is unnecessary, and to those who are not, they would probably have no interest, and I therefore forbear.

Years glided on in this manner, and no reader, except he has been engaged at the age of sixteen, can have any notion of the fulness of delight which they enjoyed. We had now passed through the incipient stages of our education, and were about to be transplanted from a grammar school to a distant college, and he was obliged to part from the object of his affections, or, to use his own words,

"Must I from thee, love, be far away?"

Ah, just as fate commands, and I obey!"

Yet with all the raptures and delights he had enjoyed, and all the pledges of affection he had received, he could not place sufficient confidence in the integrity of his dulcinea to

keep his mind aloof from the baleful operation of jealousy, and this passion at last overthrew his delightful expectations.

We had been nearly three years absent, when a vacation released us from the formalities of school discipline, and we eagerly embraced the opportunity of visiting our early friends. Soon after our arrival, a mischievous wind, who well knew the jealousy of poor Ned's disposition, endeavoured to convince him that his fair Louisa had transferred her affections to another. He took fire at the idea, and soon as the curtains of evening were drawn, he requested us to go with him, and take a *châli en pays*, and discover the truth of his unpleasant suspicions. The back parlour was well lighted, and seemed to Ned as joyous as before he left, and we strolled up the court to reconnoitre. The windows were high, and curtained up to the first sash, and it was impossible, standing on the ground, to make the least discovery of what was passing within. It was at last decided, that as Ned was the highest and the most interested, he should be lifted upon the window sill, where he could cautiously look over the curtain and make the wished-for discovery. It was no sooner said than done; and he was no sooner mounted upon this "vantage post," than the same mischievous elf who had fretted him with the suspicion, knocked loudly upon the window, and we both decamped, leaving Ned to escape from the dilemma into which he had been voluntarily duped, in the best manner possible.

It seems that the faithful and eager Louisa had caused every thing to be put in order for the reception of her expected lover, and was impatiently awaiting his arrival, when her attention was arrested by the noise at the window, where she discovered him in the terrible situation in which we left him. The height of the windows, and the lameness to which he had been subject from his boyhood, forbade his making an escape, and readily conceiving the reason, the benevolent Louisa sent a servant to his assistance. Poor Ned was ashamed to make an explanation of his ridiculous exploit, and early the next morning, before we had time to retail it to his disadvantage, he sailed for New Orleans, where he fell a victim to the climate, and she who was the beautiful Louisa Penrose, now pines and withers away—a disconsolate old maid.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

THE EXILE.

[A STORY—FOUNDED UPON FACTS.]

Sad is my fate! said the heart-broken stranger;
The wild deer and wolf to a covert can flee;
But I have no refuge from famine or danger—
A lone country remains not for me.

Never again in the green sunny bowers,
When my forefathers lived, I spend the sweet hours,
Or over the misty mountain flowers,
And strike to the numbers of Erin's songs!

—Campbell.

In Antrim, one of the northern counties of Ireland, is situated Lough-neagh, a lake remarkable for its extent, and the beauty of its quiet scenery, diversified only by a few villas, and the high, massive walls and turrets of O'Sullivan's castle, having felt the ravages of time, the margin of the lake once stood two cottages, the neat and cleanly appearance of which was strongly contrasted with the miserable dirt hovels so common in that country. Often did the sportsman, returning in his light boat from the amusements of the day, rest a moment upon his oars to contemplate this lovely spot; for nothing could be more picturesque than these lowly white-washed habitations, when the sun was setting, and cast only his last scattered beams upon the turrets of the castle—when the white smoke of the turf fires, relieved by the dark-green of the neighbouring forest, curling up from their chimneys, mingled with the mist upon the serene surface of the lake, and was finally lost in the thickening shades of evening.

While nature thus spread harmony and quiet around these dwellings, the highest degree of principle and love, fixed by long acquaintance, similarity of habits, and union of feeling, existed among their inmates. The one, occupied by O'Neale—the other by Donnell—both descended from, and bearing the names of families renowned for their firm but unfortunate opposition to the tyranny of the English, during the reign of Elizabeth—Donnell had a son and a daughter, Robert and Catharine—O'Neale, an only son, Edward, whose mother died soon after his birth.

The ages of Robert and Edward were nearly the same; Catharine was some years younger—she was remarkable alike for the sweetness of her disposition and the charms of her person; her long flaxen hair fell in full ringlets upon her neck; her eyes were of the softest blue; her complexion was fair and ruddy; and, as she was reared with great care, her mind was better cultivated, and her form more delicate, than is common among the better orders of the peasantry. Robert and Edward were inseparable. They had been educated at the same school—they had been partners in every youthful gambol in amusement and idleness, and as they grew up, ripened with their years, and was converted into the firm and rational friendship of manhood. Edward had ever felt for the sister of his friend all the warmth of a brother's affection; this feeling was insensibly changed into a pure and ardent love; nor was his passion unrequited: his exalted mind and fine many person were well worthy the affection of such a woman as Catharine.

Ireland, which had sunk into the greatest misery and poverty, tithes and rack-rent having nearly ruined the people, was now rendered more wretched by internal dissensions, and the distracted state of Europe. The times pressed so heavily upon Donnell, that he determined to emigrate, with his family, to America, and fix his residence in Baltimore, where so many of his countrymen had accumulated wealth, and lived in peace and happiness. Their departure was a severe blow to O'Neale and his son. It broke in so cruel a manner upon the associations and recollections of so many years, that the old man, whose strength had been long waning, in a few months sunk calmly into the arms of death.

Edward was now alone. Society had no more charms for him. He spent whole days in the deepest recesses of the forest, and seemed to enjoy the dark, melancholy shade cast by the closely intertwining branches of the old, venerable trees. Often, when the sun was full and the sky cloudless, he would push a boat to the lone little island in the midst of the lake, and there pass a great part of the night. He loved too, to wander to the north, and climb to the summit of that great basaltic causeway, the pillars of which, according to the legend of the country, were piled up in the days of yore, by the hand of a giant. Here he would look out upon the

boisterous ocean, and for hours his eyes would be turned towards the point, in the western horizon, where the sun had set. When the chill dews of evening roused him from his reverie, he would feel astonished that he had remained so long after every thing had been shrouded by the shades of night; so often did the secret workings of the human heart lead to actions which seem to be committed without reason, and almost without consciousness.

One day, as he was scrambling along this rugged shore, he saw a ship with the American ensign waving at the mast-head, laying at some distance, totally becalmed. The day was warm, and the sails were spread out to the sun. The sailors were at work in the rigging—the sound of mirth was heard among them—and one voice sang "Hail, Columbia, happy land." Edward listened with delight to the words of the noble song, and exclaimed, "My friends are now in that happy country; there I too will go, and in the enjoyment of peace and domestic happiness, removed far from oppression and despotism, I will try to forget the wrongs of my country. At this moment a boat put off from the ship, for fresh water and provisions, to the small town of Philadelphia. He hurried to the place of embarkment, and as he had neither friends nor property to leave, he solicited, and was permitted to embark as an ordinary seaman, without pay. But the ship had not proceeded far on her voyage when she was met by a British man-of-war, and searched by that arbitrary stretch of power, and violation of the laws of nations, which led to the war of 1812. Edward was immediately detected, and imprisoned into his Majesty's service. For many years he was exposed to the severest hardships and fatigues, and to the deleterious effects of various climates. At last, however, at the close of the general war of Europe, he was dismissed, and the small pay he received was barely enough to gain him a steerage passage in one of the Liverpool packets, for Philadelphia. He now thought that his trials were nearly at a close, but, alas! he seemed to have been marked out as the child of misfortune. On the passage, his health, which had long been affected, began to decline rapidly. His eyes lost their wonted lustre—his cheeks became wan and hollow, and his strength failed so fast, that when the vessel entered the Cape of Good Hope, he was unable to rise from his berth. The day weather was pleasant, he begged to be taken upon deck. The charming appearance of the rural scenery, which seems doubly beautiful after a long sea-voyage—the neat, peaceful mansions, villages, and towns, along the Delaware and Pennsylvania shore—and above all, the fond hope of soon seeing those beings upon whom the whole of his affections were placed, gave new vigour to his limbs, and new animation to his face; but it was a temporary delusion, delusive strength, and the glow upon his cheek was a sickly, hectic tint. When the ship was moored at the quay, the excitement vanished, and left him weaker than ever. He had neither friends nor money, and the consignees were obliged to procure him admission into that great infirmary which, by the pure, elastic air, and the cheerful, the heavy, contaminated atmosphere of a crowded ward was poison to him—he sunk rapidly, and soon felt that the icy hand of death was upon him. He only prayed that he might receive the last adieu and blessing of his beloved Catharine, and his friend; but this boon was denied him: still he murmured not—and on the evening of the third day, the curtain dropped, and shut out our poor Exile from the world forever.

As soon as Robert learned that his friend had arrived, he came to Philadelphia, bearing the kindest messages from his sister. He walked along the wharves—found the packet—but, what pen could describe the agony of his feelings when he learned that Edward had been sent to the Infirmary, in an almost dying state. With a heavy heart he repaired to that institution, and asked, in faltering accents, whether Edward O'Neale was in the house. The registrar was referred to. Such a person had been admitted, died a few days afterwards, and was now buried. A deathlike paleness passed over the countenance of Robert; he stood like a statue—then bowed his head to hide the tear that now trickled down his cheek, and departed in silence. He could not speak; his heart was too full; it had "swollen till it checked his utterance." C.

From the Atlantic Magazine—July 1824.

JOB COOK—A LEGEND.

Job Cook was my uncle. Figure to yourself a little old man, in a thread bare suit of gray, with a dull, sleepy visage, smoke-dried by the fumes of a stumpy pipe, which was forever in his mouth; a rubicund nose of goodly dimensions, which, unlike the rest of his features, seemed to be plumped up, and nourished by the warmth of the tobacco pipe; and a pair of little gray eyes, which, on ordinary occasions, for vivacity and expression, much resembled a couple of buckshot; but which, it was said, now and then twinkled with something like emotion. Figure to yourself, I say, gentle reader, a personage of this description, and possessed of these characteristics, and you will have some faint idea of my uncle, Job Cook.

Job has been dead these fifteen years, but, methinks I still see him in my mind's eye, as if it had been but yesterday, seated in the arm chair, at the corner of my father's fire, with his back-lustre eyes fixed intently on vacancy, and puffing whole volumes of vapour, with the devotedness of a Mussulman.

The predominant feature of Job's character was laziness. It was this which had caused him to squander away field after field, and acre after acre of his paternal estate, until it was all gone; by which means he was now left a pauper in his old age, and compelled to sponge upon the charity of his friends and relations for support.

My uncle had served in the army, during the revolution, and had become impressed with the belief, very prevalent at the time, of there having been great treasures buried in different parts of the country, at the commencement of the war, and left by the owners, who had perished during the subsequent troubles. Captain Kidd, too, it is well known, for want of a better place of security, used to deposit his superfluous cash in holes and nooks along shore, and on the banks of rivers; (chartered banks not being as common in those days as they have since grown to be;) and many a bag of doubloons, keg of dollars, and barrel of pistareens, has been discovered, or supposed to have been so, by industrious farmers, and lucky fishermen, who have suddenly become rich, beyond the comprehension of their indolent neighbors.

It was in search of these spoils that Job spent

that part of his time which was actively employed in doing any thing. Thoughts of these hidden treasures used to fill his waking moments, his sleeping hours, and long days of deep, day meditation, in which it were difficult to say whether sleep or watchfulness predominated. But oh! what golden dreams, what visions of glory, used to roll over my uncle in these reveries! Dollars of gold, bars of silver, guineas, doubloons, and pistareens, would float around him in brilliant confusion, like the fantastic combinations of the kaleidoscope, and seem to invite him to stretch forth his hand and clutch them. Then would come dreams of personal aggrandizement; of his old rusty suit exchanged for a superb broadcloth coat, with black breeches and silk stockings, and of his stumpy pipe metamorphosed into a genuine Holland hooter, with pouch and stopper complete. Then, too, would he seem to be surrounded by all the pleasant accompaniments of old age, as "honour, love, obedience, troops of friends," in which particulars it must be confessed my uncle Job, like Macbeth, was sadly deficient. But my uncle's premeditated pauper was not confined to himself alone; he had a kind and benevolent soul; and his charity, though it began at home, as well it might, did by no means end there. Not only his father's family, and Job's relations to the twentieth generation, would be made rich and comfortable, but every poor body and idle vagabond in the country was to be a recipient of his largesse, and have his heart made glad by the good things of this life. In short, the whole country was to be benefitted: villages were to be founded; churches and taverns were to be built; houses and barns, and blacksmiths' shops were to start into existence at his Promethean touch; and ragged individuals were to have their persons made clean and whole, their pockets filled with small change, and their stomachs lined with good cheer from his exhaustless funds.

Such were Job's sanguine expectations, and with such great confidence and complacency did he discourse on these pleasant topics, that there were few of the subjects of his intended liberality who did not listen with satisfaction to his Utopian plans. I myself was partially affected by these hallucinations. And though my father would incredulously shake his head, advise Job to go and plough the earth, if he ever wished to get any thing out of it, my youthful fancy was excited by his enthusiasm, and I too had my day-dreams. My ride on an ambling pony did I take in antiquated hunt; many a bird did I shoot with a double-barrelled fowling piece, and many a pleasant sail did I take in a gallant little boat; all which my uncle, in the plenitude of his bounty, had promised me.

In order to find the golden mine that was to realize these glorious expectations, my uncle, every now and then shaking off his usual listlessness and aversion to every kind of labour, would sallies forth, no one knew whither, with a pickaxe, spade, and bag, to bring home his expected windfalls. Frequently he would be gone a week, and then return hungry and fatigued, his boots and clothes loaded with dirt, but with his sack just as empty as when he left home.

My father, in the family. He had driven a baggage wagon during the revolution, and was as deeply versed in the stories and superstitions of the times as my uncle. His age and long services, domestic as well as public, had rendered him a privileged character in the family; and though nominally a slave, he was to the full as free in his actions as any citizen of this happy land of liberty. He used to work when he pleased, eat when he pleased, and get drunk when he pleased; and in truth this latter amusement seemed to please him oftener than any other.

One morning in particular, my uncle Job was observed to have an unusual air of intelligence in his countenance. His whole frame seemed big with something important, and he would frequently rise and walk about the room with unwonted alacrity. Then he would sit down, rub his hands stroke his chin, and puff out volleys of smoke with increased vigor. This continued till night-fall, when in company with Toby, with whom he had held frequent conversations through the day, and whom, it was observed, he had treated with small glass of gin, he sallied forth from the house, followed close at the heels of my uncle, who carried a small hand wand in his hand, and walked on at a prodigious rate.

It was a clear, calm evening, in the month of October. The sun had just set, and his glowing rays were reflected with softened lustre from a few broken clouds which shimmered upon the horizon. The burning splendour of the western hemisphere gradually faded away, like the decaying glories of some mighty conflagration, till at last only a narrow gleam of brightness marked the spot where the orb of day had disappeared.

Little attention I need, did our two pedestrians pay to the beauties of nature. And the majestic oaks, tinged with the rich and variegated hues of autumn, which stretched their giant arms across the road, were as little heeded as the humble rail-fence that crept at their feet. The path, which at first wound through a thick copse of wood, now emerged into an open plain, in a state of high cultivation, and studied here and there with farm houses. At a distance, the Hudson rolled majestically along, sparkling in the rays of the full moon, which was just peeping over the eastern horizon.

My uncle Job now reached a high stone wall which enclosed a spacious garden, pertaining to the farm-house of an old Dutchman, by the name of Van Dam. It was a rich and fertile spot; large patches of melons were interspersed with rows of luxuriant cabbages; the trees were laden with fruit; clusters of grapes hung in rich profusion from the vine; and the rose, the sweet briar, and the honeysuckle, wafted their perfumes to the air. But if this garden recalled that of the Hesperides in beauty, it was surpassed by a dragon as severe and terrible. The rib of the worthy Myneer Van Dam was of that class of doubtful gender, denominated viragos. She was nearly six feet in height; of a most gorgon-like physiognomy; and as violent and furious in her temper as she was forbidden in her person. She was usually accompanied by a huge dog, who had much of the crabbed temperament of his mistress; and such was the terror and aversion her appearance generally excited, that she was known far and near by the name of Dame Van Dam the damnable; a cognomization which some wicked wit, with more wit than grace had bestowed upon her. The mirth and noisy glee of many a troop of maddening urchins were awed into silence by the unexpected appearance of Dame Van Dam. And every inordinate affection towards the tempting fruits which peered over the garden

will in provoking luxuriance, was speedily repressed by the sour visage of their mistress.

Some uneasy sensations seemed to cross the mind of black Toby, as he saw my uncle preparing to cross this stone boundary, which had hitherto been the *ultima thule* of his peregrinations. Gently placing his hand on the sleeve, he besought him to desist, with an earnest and significant gesture; for it may be remarked, that the strictest silence was one of the rules observed by our adventures on their exertions. My uncle seemed impatient at this interference, and with a threatening aspect, motioned him to follow. Toby obeyed with fear and trembling; but his knees smote each other beneath him, and he turned as pale as his black face would permit, when he saw set forth on a board, in the full moonlight, the friendly caution of "spring guns and man traps set here." The import of which, though he had never gone to Sunday school, Toby knew full well.

When they had fairly gotten over, Job took from his pocket a small flask of whiskey, and taking a pull at it, handed it to Toby, who finished it in a twinkling. His courage seemed much augmented by the potation, and shouldering his spade and sack, he stood erect, awaiting his master's behest; who now seemed a little in doubt which course to pursue. Twirling the hazel rod between his fingers and thumb, he carefully noted the direction it assumed as it settled; and then, with cautious steps he took the route it indicated. So on they marched, "through bush, through briar," over old Van Dam's melon beds, strawberry patches, gooseberry bushes, flowers and cabbages, until they reached a small plot of grass in the very centre of the garden, surrounded by a thick hedge of sweet briar.

Under a wide-spreading cherry tree, which stood in the middle of this enclosure, had old Van Dam erected a small arbour, and here, on a summer's afternoon, might be seen smoking his pipe, amidst the flowers, after the similitude of his ancient prototype, Toby Philpot. This was the *sacrum sanctorum* of the family, and woe betide the unlucky urchin who was so unfortunate as to be detected straying here by Dame Van Dam.

When he reached this spot, my uncle again seemed puzzled in his mind. He examined with great attention the site and appearance of several trees, then rubbed his head, as if to assist his memory; consulted an almanac of monthly pericardium which he drew from his pocket; and had a recourse several times to his divining rod. At length he pried off about a dozen paces from the central cherry tree, and drawing forth a bible, and tracing round it a circle with his rod, he seized the pick axe, and motioning Toby to follow his example, began to dig with might and main. The moon by this time had ascended high in the heavens; and by its light soon had our adventures gotten several feet into the bowels of the earth. At the depth of about six feet, they came to a large flask; at sight of which my uncle could scarcely contain his raptures. He made signs to Toby to jump down into the pit, and assist in its removal. But just as the worthy domestic was preparing to obey, he felt a sudden gripe at his throat, and turning round, to his utter terror and confusion, beheld the furious visage of Dame Van Dam. Her face was inflamed to its highest expression of wrath and indignation, and her eyes fairly shot fire as she addressed the trembling son of Africa. I shall not attempt to write the huge Dutch misshapen oaths and epithets with which she loaded poor Toby. "You black rascal," concluded she; "you satan's baby—you copper colored villain; why, what the devil do you mean, by coming here into my garden—here, into the very retreat of my husband, and digging that great hole, you vagabond, rascally dog?" Each of these interrogatories she enforced with a succession of blows.

grew several shades darker in the face. Toby, who at the best of times, was remarkably shy of this lady's acquaintance, and who at this precise moment, would almost as soon have met old Nick himself in *propria persona*, was completely dumb founded; his lower jaw fell, his limbs shook beneath him in the ecstasy of fear; and falling on his knees he remained speechless with terror. "Speak, you ink pot—what do you mean?" reiterated the dame—"but I'll teach you the way into people's gardens." Then relaxing her hold for an instant, she looked over the hedge, and with a halloo and whistle, called to her dog Swartzoop, who came bounding and barking at her summons. Toby, at this crisis, seemed on a sudden to recover his bewildered intellect: with a quick and unexpected movement sprang from the ground, cleared the pit at a single leap, and with the swiftness of desperation, ran towards the road. Just at this moment, my uncle putting his head forth from the pit, to see what was the matter, caught the eye, and diverted the attention of the lady. "Donner und Blitzen!" exclaimed she, "another—but I'll teach him to dig;—Heigh, Swartzoop, seize him, boy." Job now saw that he had no time to spend in vain parades; so, scrambling from the hole, he made signs of hurrying off as fast as possible.

What further took place during this *tele-tete* of my uncle with Dame Van Dam, the damnable, after the retreat of Toby, from whom I gathered the foregoing particulars, I have never been able to ascertain. All that is known is, that early next morning, Job was seen to limp home, much battered and soiled in his person, but apparently still more hurt in mind. His nose was bloody, and swelled to a great size; his cheeks exhibited many deep and dismal scratches and one eye was completely closed; his pantaloons were torn, as if by the fangs of some ravenous beast, and he exhibited altogether a most piteous and deplorable spectacle.

He crawled away to his chamber, and he took himself to bed with a fixed expression of despondency, from which he never recovered. He was now and then heard to mutter in a melancholy tone, like the elfin page of Lord Cromwell, "Lost! lost! lost!" but all attempts to get him to explain where he had been, and by whom he had been ill-treated, were ineffectual. He obstinately refused all food; and in a short time pined away, drooped and died, evidently of a broken heart. And the green sod, which, when living, he never permitted to be at rest, now covers all that remains of my uncle, Job Cook.

We are induced, at the urgent solicitations of the writer, to place the following highly wrought effusion along with the Miscellany which is this day served up to our readers. To a young female lately returned to health, after a severe attack of an acute disease.

Again her boon is health. She blooms again, and sorrow's sighs are hushed. Those fascinating orbs, so full of melting kindness, sparkle from their native brightness, and dispel the gloom of melancholy occasioned by their momentary dimness. That sweet seraphic smile is heaven's light, which glides the dimple with bewitching charms. That siren voice now steals its soft pulses on the enraptured ear, and that mellifluous lip resumes its ruddy hue. Affection's fervent aspirations were breathed not in vain. Her soothing touch of magic beguiled the fever of its pining heart. Her dulcet whisper lulled each pain to rest. Sympathy shed her crystal drop in silence, and spread her dove like wings over the object of her grief. But, in that cheerless, hopeless moment, the languid air

of convalescence was seen lingering about Maria's delicate cheek, like a faint ray of twilight.—Twas the first dawn of a blissful convalescence. Fair daughter of health and immortality, live! the bright ornament of thy domestic circle—the richest gem and fairest flower. No longer is every eye bedewed with tears; no longer does each bosom feel the thrill of anguish; no longer is every tongue eloquently mute, and every step wary to light. Again the cheerful tale with careless ease is told, and the merry song of gaiety is sung. Thy mother's grateful heart now bounds with new-born joy, and thy fond sisters' every wish is served.

Adieu! but reserve one kind thought for HENRY.

This signature is also used by a writer who occasionally appears in the poet's column; he is a distinct personage from his namesake here introduced.

Within a few days, a pamphlet has made its appearance, entitled, "Sandy Foundation Shaken, to which are added, extracts from the writings of divers of our primitive Friends, on the divinity of Christ, Atonement, the Scriptures, &c." We have perused it, and were struck with the remarkable coincidence there is between the doctrines inculcated in this work and those preached by Elias Hicks. We are persuaded it will amply compensate for the time spent in giving it a careful examination. The following is the preface, which shews the reason for its publication.

"Buy the Truth, and sell it not."

That every Society which does not often recur to its original principles is in danger of declining, is a sentiment which has been often expressed by observing men; and upon reference to ecclesiastical history, it appears, with indisputable certainty, that it has been often realized. But never was the fact more fully confirmed than in the instance of the Society of Friends. At its commencement, it was composed chiefly of religious and inquiring persons of the different sects and denominations of professing Christians—they were sincere and single-hearted people, who had become disgusted with the many palpable errors in faith and practice prevalent among religious professors—in humility they sought for, and embraced only, what they believed to be substantial truths and the real principles of religion. A zealous adherence to these principles, and a faithful discharge of their religious duties, soon rendered them obnoxious to the derision and persecution of both priests and people. But persevering, with innocent boldness, through long protracted imprisonments and deep sufferings, they ultimately prevailed.—Rejecting all creeds and confessions of faith, they conformed to the teachings of the Holy Spirit firmly believing, as Barclay has declared, that "the revelations of the Light within, were the only certain basis of all Christian faith."—But, alas! how is the gold become dim! how is the most fine gold changed; are not some among this people, (forgetting the rock whence they were hewn, and the hole of the pit whence they were digged,) rapidly merging into the popular doctrines of the world; or, as a late imical writer has truly remarked, are they not "receding from genuine Quakerism, and approaching the Reformed Churches?"—As a natural consequence, such as these oppose those who are publicly espousing and promulgating the truths of the Gospel, in their native excellence and purity. Of late their efforts have been directed, with much energy, towards Elias Hicks, upon whom the most odious and oppressive epithets have been heaped, hoping thereby to undermine his religious reputation, and to frustrate his Gospel labours.

The private confidential letters, written in the freedom of friendship, have been suppressed, and several shades darker in the face. Toby, who at the best of times, was remarkably shy of this lady's acquaintance, and who at this precise moment, would almost as soon have met old Nick himself in *propria persona*, was completely dumb founded; his lower jaw fell, his limbs shook beneath him in the ecstasy of fear; and falling on his knees he remained speechless with terror. "Speak, you ink pot—what do you mean?" reiterated the dame—"but I'll teach you the way into people's gardens." Then relaxing her hold for an instant, she looked over the hedge, and with a halloo and whistle, called to her dog Swartzoop, who came bounding and barking at her summons. Toby, at this crisis, seemed on a sudden to recover his bewildered intellect: with a quick and unexpected movement sprang from the ground, cleared the pit at a single leap, and with the swiftness of desperation, ran towards the road. Just at this moment, my uncle putting his head forth from the pit, to see what was the matter, caught the eye, and diverted the attention of the lady. "Donner und Blitzen!" exclaimed she, "another—but I'll teach him to dig;—Heigh, Swartzoop, seize him, boy." Job now saw that he had no time to spend in vain parades; so, scrambling from the hole, he made signs of hurrying off as fast as possible.

We disclaim the least wish to augment the difference which unhappily exists, but, without doing violence to our best feelings, we cannot passively consign this dignified minister, and exemplary Christian, over to his persecuting enemies. With a view, therefore, to rescuing him from *unmerited censure*, it was thought proper to present the reader with another edition of William Penn's "Sandy Foundation Shaken," and the following extracts from the writings of those who have always been acknowledged to be among the best and most approved authors of the society. The candid and unprejudiced are affectionately invited to read them carefully; and afterwards to judge impartially upon comparison, whether Elias Hicks does, as his enemies affirm, hold and propagate doctrines and opinions, contrary to the doctrines and opinions of primitive Friends; or whether his opinions have not obviously departed from the original ground assumed by our pious and enlightened predecessors; and whether those bright sons of the morning did not endure many privations, and much suffering, with true magnanimity, on account of their integrity in avowing and defending the same views and beliefs, which are now rejected as dangerous innovations by their traditional descendants, when revived by Elias Hicks and many other Friends.

Although at times the aspect of affairs, in relation to our Society, is gloomy, does it not, nevertheless, behoove us to pursue, with Christian equanimity and undeviating rectitude, "his own old way," which is again cast up for the reasoned and redeemed children of the Lord to walk in? There is abundant cause to look beyond the present trying time in which we live, in anticipation of brighter and more glorious days—"for if we continue to be followers of that which is good, nothing shall be able to harm us—but, on the contrary, our hearts will be rejoiced at beholding the Church coming up out of the wilderness, leaning upon her beloved." After thus expressing our conviction that this will be our happy experience, if the fault is not our own—we will conclude with the sublime and prophetic language of Samuel Pothergill—

"I cannot think that a people whom he (the Lord) has raised by his own invincible power, and so signally placed his name amongst, were ever designed to be only the transient glory of a couple of centuries. I am still revived by a secret hope of better times, when our Zion shall again put on her beautiful garments; and in her, and with her, shall arise judges as at the first, and counsellors and lawgivers as in the beginning."

A Selection of William Penn's works has been made and published many times by direction of the Society; in which this treatise is included; and it has always been chosen among his most approved writings.

The way they do things in New-York.—The Mercantile Advertiser of Wednesday, Feb. 1825, contains one hundred and three new advertisements, occupying four columns of small type. Also, three columns and a half of closely printed Auction Sales. There are nine daily papers printed in this city, the whole of which cannot boast of the above number of new advertisements in any day during the year.

EUROPEAN AFFAIRS.

From late English papers received at New-York.

By the brig Galaxy, at New York, Dublin papers to the 5th Jan. inclusive, have been received. The bill preferred against Mr. O'Connell, for sedition, was ignored by the Grand Jury, after an investigation of 4 hours.

Greece.—The fortress of Petros is completely invested by Gen. Colocotroni, with 7000 men, and 13 Speziot vessels, out of all communication by sea. The Turkish garrison were few and ill furnished, and was expected to capitulate. A plan was preparing for storming the place in a few days, and the possession of it will be of vast importance to the Greeks, as this is the only port through which an invading army could threaten the Morea from the sea.

The news of the victory of Nov. 13th, over the Egyptian fleet off Candia, was confirmed from every quarter, 3 men of war were burnt, and 30 transports taken. The prisoners were treated with humanity.

Lord Guilford, as head of the Greek University at Corfu, has adopted the garb of Socrates, and has ordered the adoption of the antique costume among the students.

Longevity of Geese.—It is confidently asserted that Mr. Hewson, of Glenham, in Lincolnshire, has in his possession a goose of the age of a hundred years.

Two hundred and twenty associations for promoting the gradual abolition of negro slavery within the British dominions have been already formed in England, and nearly nine hundred petitions on the same subject were presented to Parliament during its two last sessions. According to the last annual Report of the London African Institution (for 1824), in one year 1822, there were shipped from Africa for Rio Janeiro 31,240 negroes, of whom 3484 died on the passage. Into Bahia, above 8000 were imported the same year. In 1823, the total number shipped for Rio alone amounted to 21,472, and there is reason to think that there was at least an equal importation into the other Brazilian ports, attended by an equal mortality. In the first six months of 1824, the number imported into Rio Janeiro alone, was not less than 16,563, with a mortality of 2247. The trade for Brazil is carried on North as well as South of the line, in spite of treaties. Brazil ought to be outlawed by the civilized world for her obstinacy in thus openly continuing and encouraging this fell traffic. The last number of the Edinburgh Review contains a French government of still continuing at the equipment and escape of French slave vessels. It calculates that "about forty thousand wretched Africans were carried away in a short period by the connivance of the Most Christian King's government, notwithstanding his laws and treaties," and supposes that of these forty thousand, above 9000 must have perished miserably on the voyage.

Matrimonial Lottery.—A recent traveller in the United States gives an account of a matrimonial lottery, which was formed there with beneficial effects. At a wedding in South Carolina, a young lawyer meddled with the money in the company should be selected as president; that this president should be duly sworn to keep entirely secret all the communications that should be forwarded to him in his official department that night; an unmarried gentleman and lady should write his or her name on a piece of paper, and under it place the name of the person they wished to marry, then hand it to the president for inspection; and if any gentleman and lady had reciprocally chosen each other, the president was to inform each of the result; and those who had not been reciprocal in their choice was to be kept entirely secret.

Physiognomy.—It is well known that Mr. Canning's mother, Mrs. Hume, was a woman who acted the lowest parts in the country of vice, dissipation, &c. in England. We do not think that this state of the slightest display of the management of the secretary of state for foreign affairs. On the contrary, we shall always praise that state of society which yields up its prejudices to the claims of genius; but the secretary is a pretty cold, important sort of a gentleman, and can now and then look down upon an old acquaintance, smiling in the true style of Patrician condescension. When he was going out as ambassador to Lisbon, a gentleman observed to a sarcastic opponent of the secretary, that he thought Mr. Canning had a very diplomatic look. "Diplomatic, diplomatic," repeated the cynic, "yes, yes, yes, you are right; you must be right; for on my honour I never look at Canning's countenance without thinking of the *Pragmatic sanction*."

WEEKLY COMPENDIUM.

Mr. McLean, the high constable, on Sunday afternoon discovered in Cherry-street, a nest of counterfeiters, three of whom were taken before the Mayor. The neighbours had for some time noticed that the house in which these people were taken was occupied only at night, when some considerable business appeared to be carried on: this induced them to give information to the proper authorities, and the rogues were "taken in the very act."

The vote has been given in Gloucester County, New Jersey, upon the question to change the seat of justice in that county from Woodbury to Camden. The result of the vote is a majority of 876, for continuing it at Woodbury.

We understand that the Steam Boats for Baltimore, commenced running on Monday.—They leave this city on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, at ten o'clock in the morning.

On Monday last, twelve ballotings took place in the Legislature of this State, for a United States Senator; as before, no choice was made. The convention adjourned until Friday.

The Rev. William Hogan preached in the French Protestant Church at Charleston, on the 6th inst.

The fifth volume of the Biography of the Signers to the Declaration of Independence, is just published. This volume contains sketches of the character of Thomas Lynch, jun. Matthew Thornton, William Whipple, John Wetherespoon, and Robert Morris, with plates.

Gen. Armstrong, former minister in France, and afterwards Secretary of War, is engaged in writing a history of the revolutionary contest. He is well qualified for this task both as an actor in that contest and a skillful writer.

The light in which he may view some characters and events, will not, perhaps, be as satisfactory as the texture of his book.

William Henry Harrison, formerly a Representative in Congress, previously Governor of Indiana, and Commander on the North Western frontier during the late war, has been chosen a Senator of the United States from the State of Ohio, to succeed Mr. Brown, whose present term of service will expire on the 3d day of March next.

It is mentioned in the Hartford (Conn.) Times, as a proof of the high value of real estate in that city, that a piece of land 4 feet 5 inches and 3-8ths in width, and 93 feet in depth, situated on the west side of Main-street, was sold last week for \$1000.

It is proposed in Massachusetts, to establish

under the patronage of the State, an Institution calculated to afford a thorough and economical education to the laborious classes in the Practical Arts and Sciences.

The quarter deck of the sloop Mary, run down and sunk in the Sound, New-York, has been found ashore on Long Island. The trunk of Capt. Allen, which contained upwards of \$400 in cash, was also found with the wreck, but rifled of its contents.

The Military Ball given at Washington on the 10th inst. is said to have been a splendid spectacle. Upwards of five hundred persons, ladies and gentlemen, were present, the latter chiefly in uniforms. The president, president elect, and vice president elect, General La Fayette, the foreign ministers, &c. together with some Indian chiefs, mingled in the group.

The National Journal of the 12th inst. says—"We have reason to believe there is no truth in the report, received at New York from England, of the intention of the King of Spain to demand of the United States a re-assertion of their recognition of the independence of several of the South American states, under pain, in case of refusal, of revoking the cession of the Floridas."

The commissioners appointed by the general government to select a proper site for a Western Armory, have determined on three points, at which the proposed establishment might be located, to wit, Zanesville, Beaver and Pittsburgh. Of these they give the preference to Pittsburgh, as embracing superior advantages and holding out the most favorable inducements to the public interest.

It is said that Mr. Cooper, the novelist, has undertaken a History of the American Navy. His "Pilot" proves his peculiar fitness for this enterprise. A complete, well digested history is much wanted. It may be ended with the interest of romance without a deviation from fact, or extravagant coloring.

It is stated in the Kentucky Reporter of the 31st ult. that the trial of Joshua, the son of the Governor, for the murder of Francis Baker, has closed, and the Jury has brought in a verdict of guilty. A full report of the trial is to be published by James G. Dana and James Cowan, Esqs.

Nathaniel Lightner, Esq. has been unanimously re-elected Mayor of the City of Lancaster. We regret to notice that the small-pox continues its ravages in Douglas, (Mass.) Seven persons have already fallen victims to this loathsome disease. The neighbouring towns are also visited by this scourge.

The U. S. Schr. Wenzel, from Tampico, via Havana, arrived at Norfolk on the 10th inst. She left Tampico on the 8th ult. and Havana on the 27th, bound to New York, with \$50,000 in specie, on board.

The governor and legislative council of Michigan have passed resolutions inviting General La Fayette to visit that territory next summer.

The bill continuing the annuity of \$6000 dollars to the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, has passed the House of Representatives of this State.

Doctor Charles Prevost has been executed at Natchitoches, for the murder of S. Mills, Esq.

A bill has passed both Houses of the Legislature of New York, providing for the choice of presidential electors by districts. It passed the Senate unanimously, and the house, with but four negative votes.

Philip P. Barbour, a member of the House of Representatives, and lately Speaker of the House, has been elected a Judge of the General Court of Virginia, vice Judge Holmes, deceased. He accepts the appointment, and will necessarily resign his seat in the House of Representatives of the U. States.

The Governor of Connecticut has appointed the Hon. James Luman to be a senator of that State in the Senate of the United States, from the 3d of March next, when his present term of office expires.

A reward of two hundred dollars is offered by Governor Troup, of Georgia, for the apprehension of William Clark, accused of the murder of Richard R. Watson, on the 18th December last, in the County of Decatur.

The quantity of tobacco raised last year in Belmont county, Ohio, is estimated at two hundred and fifty thousands.

The stock of the Hudson Canal Company, which was subscribed a short time ago in the city of New-York, in less than three hours, is now selling at 104.

In Virginia, a bill recently passed the house of delegates, by a majority of 8 or 10 votes, contemplating a Convention for revising the Constitution of the State. The bill was rejected in the Senate, by a vote of 13 to 11.—This has been the most interesting and exciting subject before the Legislature at its present Session.

The expense of cutting the great western canal is estimated at about three millions of dollars. The route, if the route is somewhat over 50 miles.

Forty-seven barrels of flour received at Kingston (Jamaica) per the American brig Ageneria, was condemned and ordered to be sold for not having been reported on the manifest.

The amount of duties paid by the auctioneers in Boston for the quarter ending the 31st of December last, was \$7916 66.

A dividend of five per cent on the capital stock of the Pittsburgh Manufacturing Association, for the last six months, was declared by the Board of Managers on the 31st ult.

The Comptroller of the State of New York, has given notice, under date of the 8th inst. that the notes of the following chartered banks are not receivable at the Treasury, viz: Bank of Hudson, Bank of Niagara, Jefferson County Bank, Washington and Warren County Bank, and Bank of Plattsburgh.

In the Senate of New York, on Tuesday a petition of Jacob Barker, for the incorporation of the Exchange Bank, with a capital of \$2,000,000, was referred to the Committee on Banks, &c.

The last number of the Edinburgh Review, contains an article on *White's Voyage to Cochinchina*, and calls it a very interesting volume.

It appears by a letter of Thomas H. Benton, a member of the United States Senate from Missouri, to the Governor of that state, that General Lafayette will visit Missouri in the month of April or May.

The black fellow who killed a white man in Bucks County, (Pa.) a short time since, was taken on Saturday last, below Haddonfield, N. J. and lodged in jail. He acknowledges the fact of throwing a billet of wood at the man, but disclaims any intention of killing him.

Margaret Millet, now living in the Philadelphia House, completed the one hundred and eleventh year of her age, on the 11th inst. The Grand Canal between Amsterdam and the Texel, was opened on the 12th of December, when the frigate Bellona, passed through it.

Quartering of the Moon.—A bill is before the New York Legislature to divide the town of Half Moon. This strange name for a town was derived from the ship in which Henry Hudson in 1609 made his discoveries.

The whole amount of duties paid by the auctioneers of the city of New York for the year ending on the 1st of December last, is \$31,738 66.

The Exhibition of Domestic Manufactures at the City of Washington, will open on Monday next, the 21st inst. It will continue a week.

Five persons died lately at Petersburg Va. whose united ages amounted to 522-years, average 104 2-5.

Canal Tolls.—From an official statement of the Canal Commissioners, it appears that the whole amount of toll collected the last year was \$340,642 22, viz. On the Erie canal \$294,509 47—Champlain do. \$46,132 75.—Yenue duty for the ending 30th September, 192,601 53—Salt duty for the year ending Nov. 1st, 1824, 99,211 18. Sales of lands for the year ending 34th Nov. 1824, 7,315 62.—Total amount of canal revenue in 1824, \$647,270 55.

A New Orleans paper of the 30th ult. contains a letter from General La Fayette to the Mayor and Recorder of New Orleans, dated Washington, Dec. 25, in which he says that he will in the Spring visit New Orleans, and tending to go through the Carolinas and Georgia, and the intermediate states between them and Louisiana, in order to be at Boston, by the 17th of June, the anniversary of the battle of Bunker Hill.

NEW YORK CANAL FUND.—The Commissioners of the New York Canal Fund have communicated to the legislature of that state, a lucid report on the state of the canal fund. By this report it appears that the cost of the canals will be somewhere about ten millions; that the debts that will have been contracted at their completion will be somewhat short of eight millions; and that if the funds appropriated to the canals be rigidly applied to that purpose, together with the tolls, the debt will be paid in about ten years, when the duty on salt may be removed, and leave an income to the state of about one million per annum. The report, while it shows the prosperous condition of the fiscal concerns of the state, indicates the boundless operations which may hereafter be carried on without additional burthens upon the people. Five hundred copies of the report were ordered to be printed in a pamphlet form.

The 18th of September, the day of the political regeneration of the republic of Chili, was commemorated at St. Jago, the capital, with great solemnity and popular rejoicings. An oration was delivered by the canon of the Peruvian church, filled with the most generous and liberal sentiments. The Supreme Director gave on that day an entertainment to all the foreign functionaries. Our minister, Mr. Allen, was compelled by sickness to be absent; he however sent the following toast, which was drank with enthusiastic applause—"The political regeneration of Chili, may it soon be succeeded by the political millennium, when from the pole to Cape Horn, from the palace to the cottage, the principles of civil, religious and political liberty shall be clearly defined and freely extended, to every member of this community." It is peculiarly gratifying to learn, that the utmost harmony subsists between the Chilean republic and the United States legislation, so rapidly are the principles of liberty diffusing themselves throughout the world, in despite of canons and holy alliances.

There is something wonderfully sublime, says the Baltimore American, in beholding a national judiciary co-extensive with legislative power in a continent so vast as that of America. It assures to the citizen of New York, or to the solitary wanderer in the wilds of the Oregon, that in the midst of a populous city or of a howling wilderness, whatever part of the soil of America is touched by his feet, that the national arm is extended for his protection and the national ear open to his complaint, and to redress his wrongs and injuries. Wander where the traveller may, he is not beyond the reach of protection and of redress. We hope that the members of Congress, feeling the full force of these sentiments, will not hesitate a moment in giving permanency, solidity and extension to the judicial department. We are no strangers to legislative and executive—but justice like truth has no boundaries, and it can have none; both are the essential attributes of the Deity, and of course they must from their very nature be illimitable. Is it to be said for a single moment that in this soil, consecrated to freedom, there is a spot where law shall not govern.

The Grand Jury of Charleston, S. C. have presented amongst other nuisances the careless manner in which the acts of that state are drawn up by the legislature. When these acts are made penal, it then becomes a serious question what is to be done on conviction. We have seen in sundry grave legislative enactments figurative language employed which cannot be too much reprehended. Perspicuity and simplicity constitute the very basis of legislation, and when legislative bodies do not employ these, they should be, as in the present instance, presented as criminals themselves.

PERKINS' STEAM ENGINE.—A gentleman lately arrived from England, has furnished the editors of the New York Daily Advertiser, with a description of a steam boat constructed by Mr. Perkins to exhibit the powers of his engine. Its form is long and narrow, to accommodate it to the Regent's canal, where it is kept and frequently worked for exhibition. It is 71 feet in length, 7 feet in breadth, and carries 22 tons; it has an iron paddle at the stern, 7 feet in diameter, with wings 18 inches broad at the ends; the generator contains 3 gallons of water, and the furnace half a bushel of coals; the heat is usually raised in 15 minutes; the piston has 15 inches stroke, and the whole engine occupies only one-fifth the space of one of Watt and Bolton's and weighs only one fifth as much.—Our informant saw the first experiment with the boat, early in November, and states that although the temperature was raised to only one-half its proper number of atmospheres, it moved at the rate of six miles an hour.

Movements of Indians.—It appears from letters just received from the Superintendent of Indian Affairs at St. Louis, that a great Council of the Cherokees, Delawares, Shawnees, Weas, Kickapoos, Piankashaws, and Peorias, residing west of the Mississippi, has been held at which it was agreed to receive their Red Brethren from the East, and to invite them to come among them as soon as possible.—This subject has been in agitation for about two years; meanwhile, wampum has been exchanged in great abundance between the tribes east and west of the Mississippi, until, at last, the object of both has been agreed upon, and a deputation is now on its way to Washington, led by Col. P. Menard, to conclude an arrangement with the President of the United States, for the removal of the Indians residing on the east of the Mississippi.

If the arrangement is made, it is not unlikely but it may embrace the tribes in Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, except the Ottowas, and a few others, who, it is probable, would prefer to join their friends west of Lake Michigan.

Curious Bequest.—A bachelor gentleman, who came from England a few months ago, lately died in the neighbourhood of N. York, and has directed, by will, that the whole of his personal property, amounting to about \$20,000, after the payment of £200 in legacies to his servants, consisting of a female, who lived with him at the time of his decease, and a boy who left him a short time since, be equally divided between ten of the oldest maids resident within ten miles of his late and native abode in England.

On the 31st ult. Mr. Niles Matterson, of Nelson, N. Y. was dragged into a space of 21 inches in width, in a grist mill, between the cog-wheel and trundle head, and was crushed to death. On the 19th ult. the ferry boat at the Falls of Louisville, Ky. sunk with a wagon and team, when a man by the name of Kirby, and three horses, were drowned. At Peekskill, on the 3d inst. three children fell through the ice, and one of them, the daughter of Mr. John Brown, aged 12 years, was drowned.

On the 3d ult. as Colonel White, one of the commissioners for ascertaining the nature and amount of land claims in West Florida, was walking in the streets of Pensacola, he was suddenly struck behind with a bludgeon, by Peter Albo, jr. the Mayor of the city, who, at the same time a stiletto about him, who, in the struggle that ensued, he attempted to plunge into the Colonel's body. They were separated, but Colonel White had received a severe wound in the head. It is said in the cause of this attack was a discussion and disclosure by the Colonel, of some improper proceedings of the Mayor in relation to land claims.

QUEBEC, Feb. 5.—A most distressing accident occurred at Point Levi; a small canal built of plank, situate at the foot of the city and inhabited by a man named Rougon, with his wife and three children, was crushed by an enormous mass of snow, which the violence of the storm had detached from the heights above, and dreadful to relate, the whole of this unfortunate family, unable to extricate themselves, perished in the ruins, either by suffocation or by injuries they received on exposure to the inclemency of the weather.

In addition to the above casualty, we are further informed that two men lost their lives on the ice between Beauport and this city, and that a third person was found frozen in the streets of the Suburb.

In the youthful State of Ohio, a resolution has passed the legislative body to construct a lake from the mouth of the Scioto river to Lake Erie, the whole length of which will be, when completed, three hundred and twelve miles. The State has assumed the whole charge and responsibility of this gigantic undertaking. Let gentlemen talk of the dissolution of our government if they please; rivers are made to change their course for the preservation of the American Republic; if that is not an evidence of permanency, we know not what further testimony can be given. The causes of separation furnished by nature herself are removed, and converted into bonds to link together the different members of the American confederation.

The anniversary of Haytien independence was celebrated at Port au Prince on the 1st ultimo, on which occasion president Boyer delivered an address, in which he called on the senate, the army and the people, to "swear to posterity and to the whole world, to renounce forever not only the dominion of France, but that of all other powers, which ever, that may wish to reduce us to submission, and to die rather than cease to be free and independent."

A gentleman arrived at Norfolk from Cumaco, states that the Colombian schooner General Santander, Capt. Norunph, fell in on the 16th December last, off Cumana, with the Spanish government brig Harie Santa, captain Jose Andoyes, of 22 guns, said to be from Cadix laden with colonial and jewelry, value estimated at \$15,000. After a action in which the general Santander had 7 killed and 10 slightly wounded, and the Harie Santa 16 killed and 19 wounded, the latter struck to the Patriot flag, and was immediately taken possession of by the General Santander.

A letter from Valparaiso, of Sept. 23, mentions that the late General Santander, who fell in battle with regard to the loss of his life, and a company of merchants have contracted to pay \$30,000 for interest, and \$0,000 for the sinking fund, annually, in return for which they are to enjoy the sole privilege of selling tobacco, tea, foreign wines, spirits and playing cards. They are to confiscate the church property which is immense.

At Boston, on the 19th inst. a person was discovered by a passenger in the street, carrying a package of fags from the store of Oliver Fisher & Co. Washington-street. He quickly was the pursued, that the criminal presently dropped his plunder. Thus relieved from his burthen, he outstripped his pursuers, and leaped from the wharf, (leading from Washington street to South Boston Bridge) to the ice below, and continued to float on the water. A large number of people had now collected, and with entreaty and promises of good usage, endeavored to prevail on him to retract from the water—but to no purpose. At length a wherry was launched from a neighboring wharf, and the object of pursuit was taken out of the water in almost an exhausted state. Before those in the boat succeeding in lifting him from the water, he made several rational answers to those that interrogated, but no sooner was he exposed to the air than all power of utterance failed him, and life seemed almost extinct—he was immediately carried back to the above store—but all efforts to restore the unhappy sufferer proved unavailing. A coroner's inquest was

